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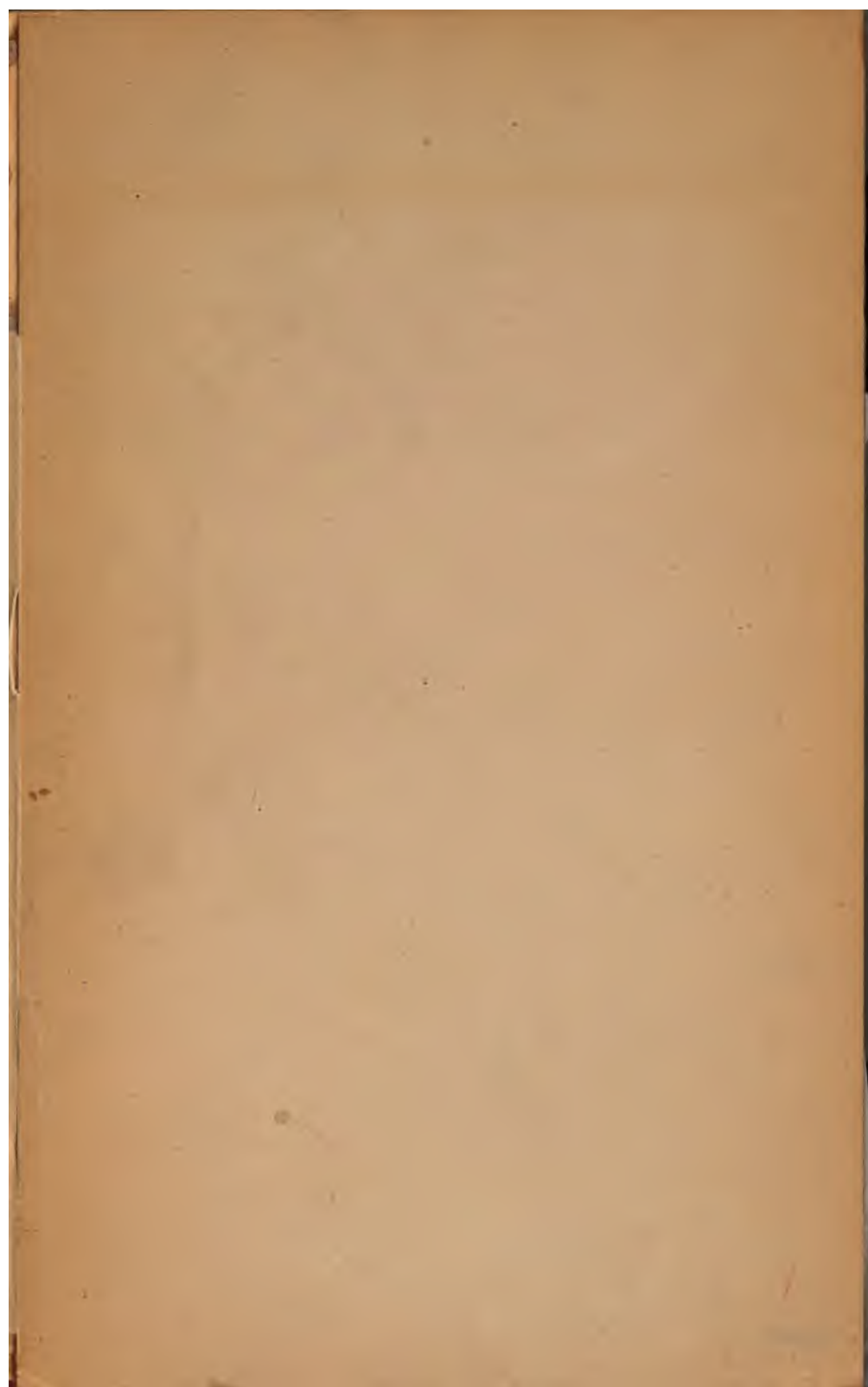
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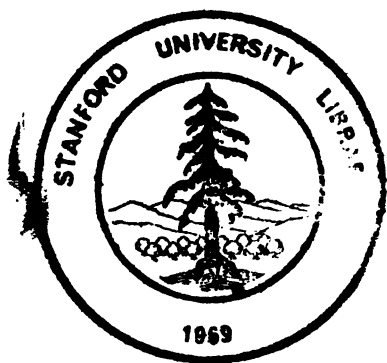
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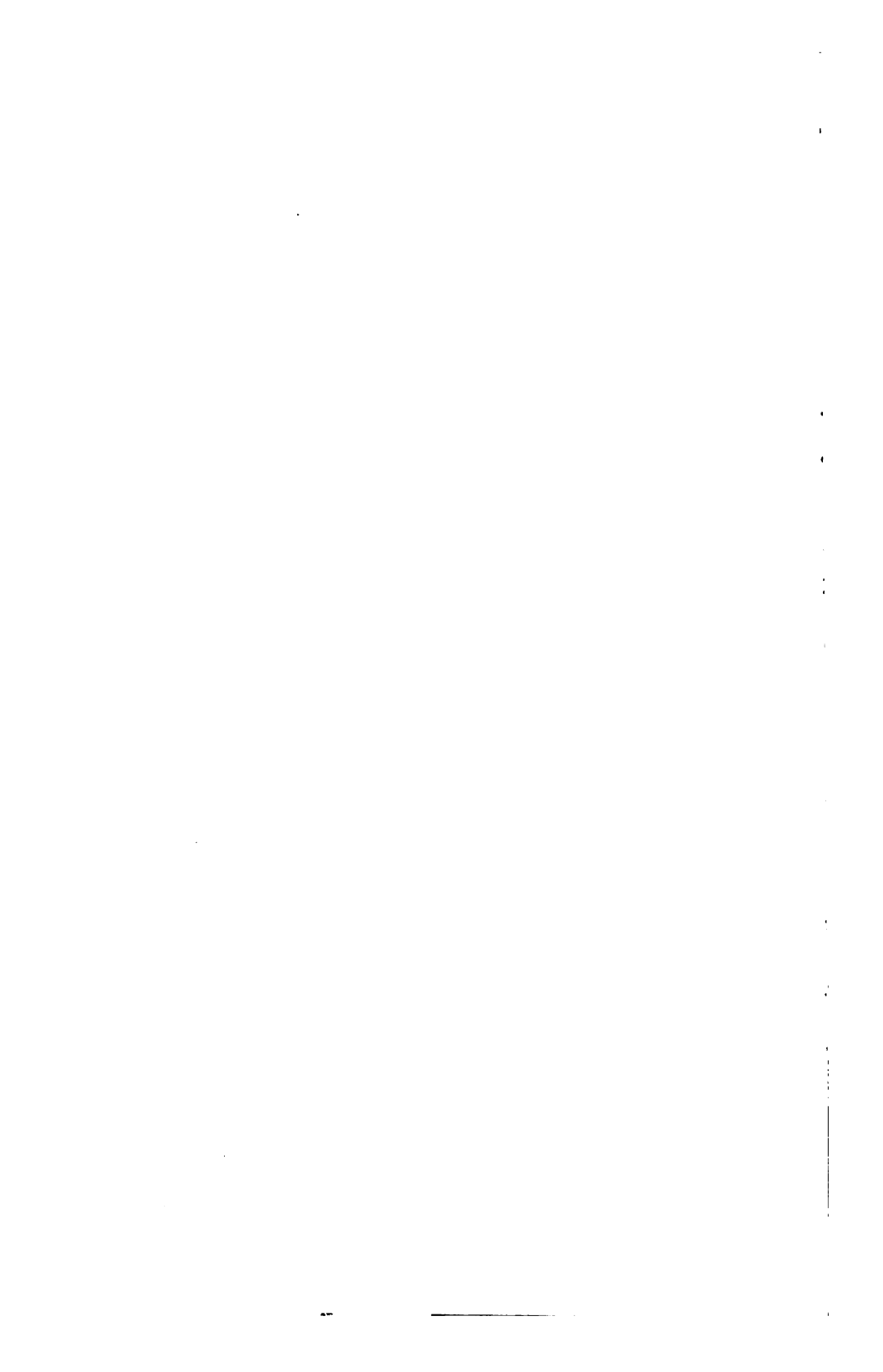


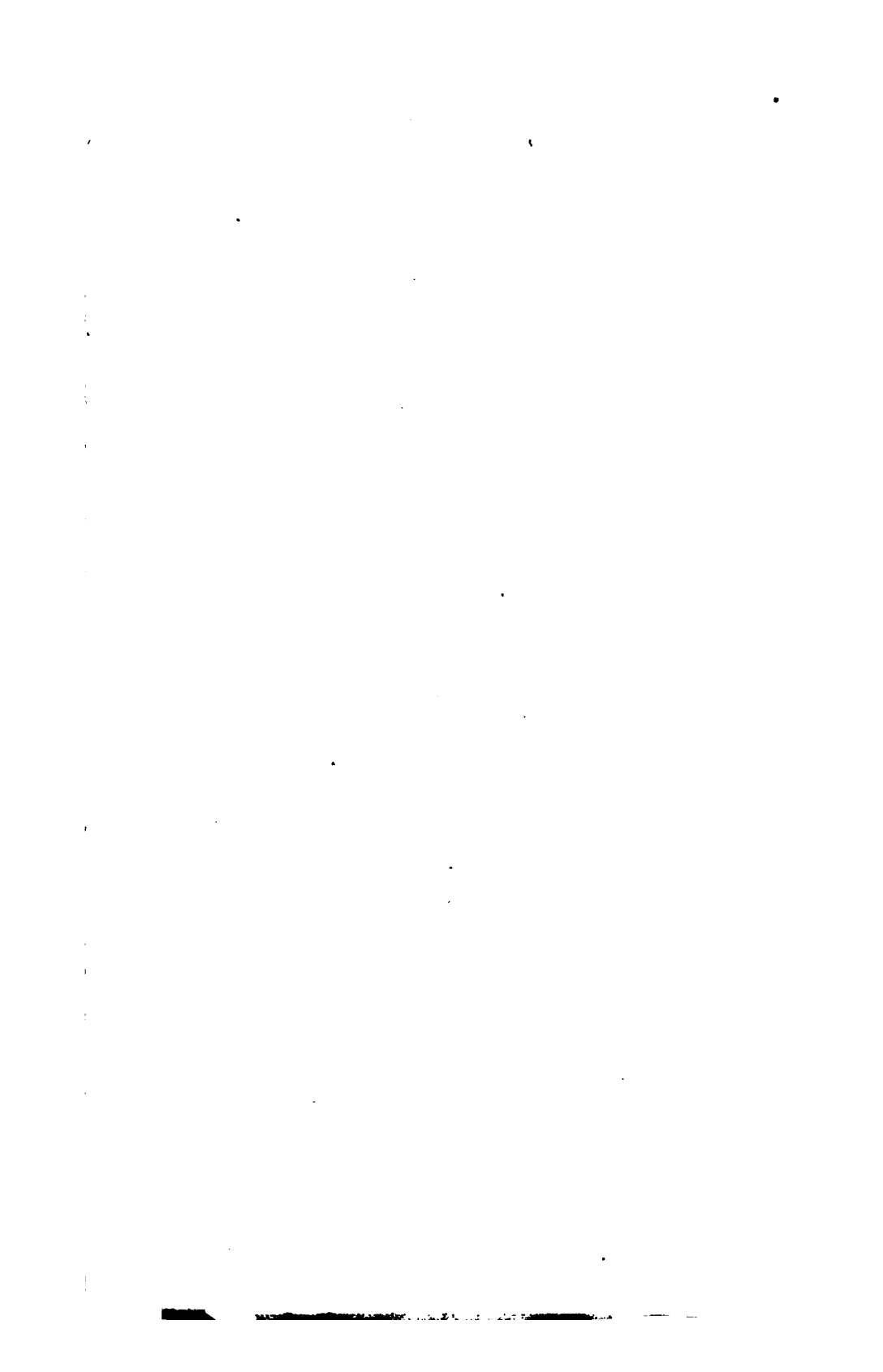




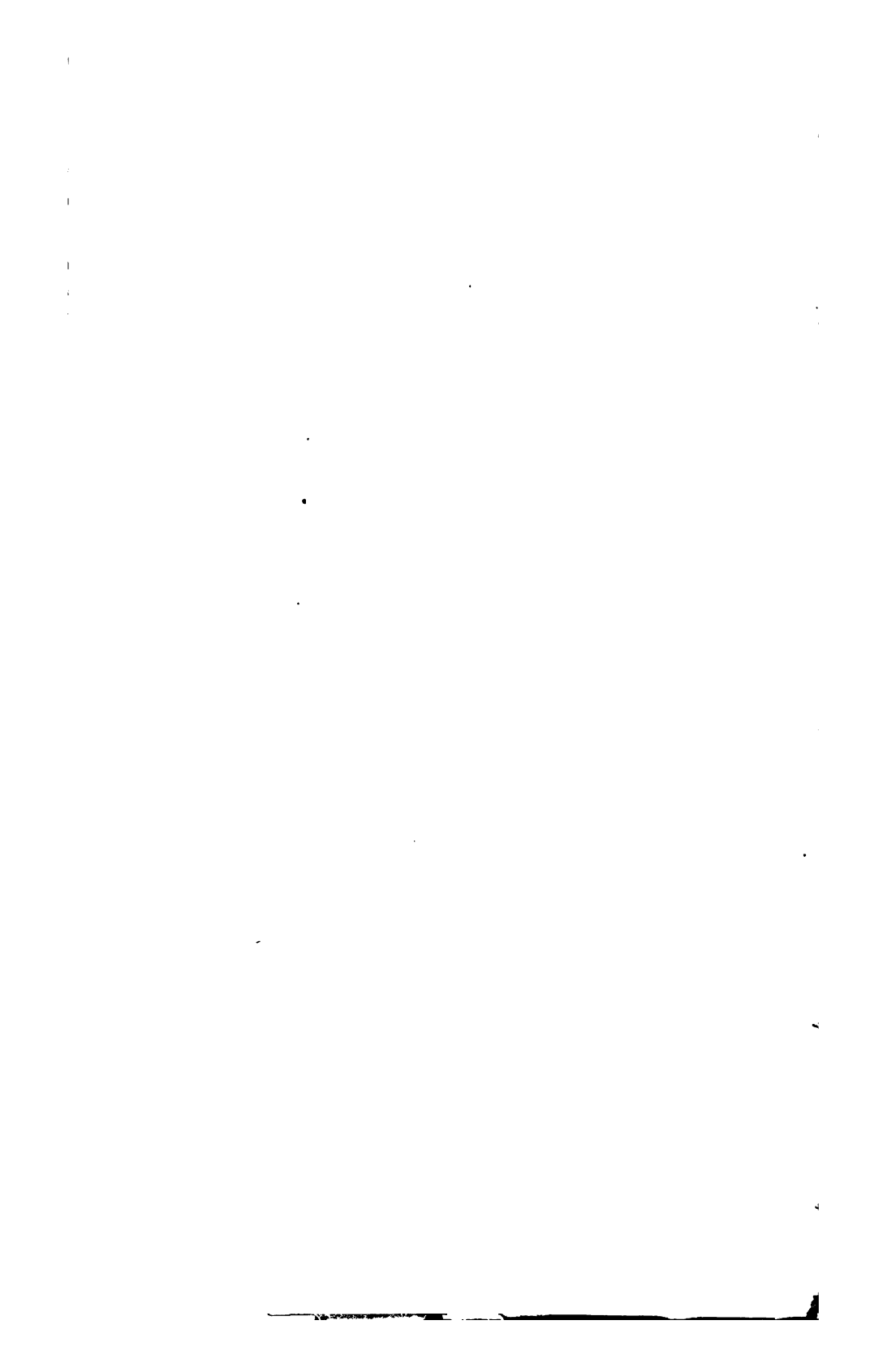




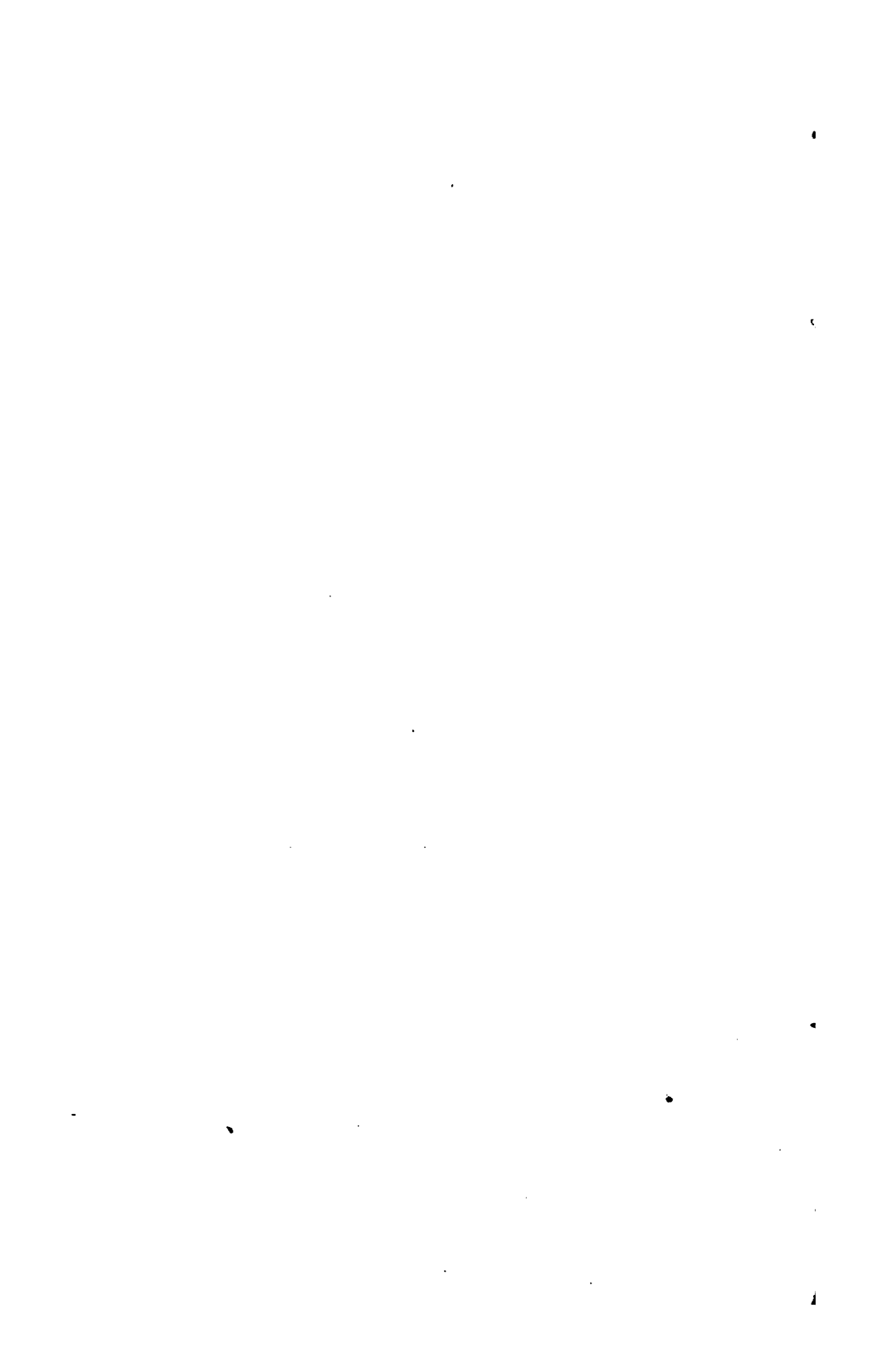












## MIMES

*500 copies of this book have  
been printed on Van Gelder  
hand-made paper and the  
type distributed.*





*Marcel Schwob*

# M I M E S

WITH A PROLOGVE AND  
EPILOGVE BY MARCEL  
SCHWOB--DONE INTO  
ENGLISH BY A. LENALIE



PORTLAND, MAINE  
THOMAS B. MOSHER  
M D C C C C I

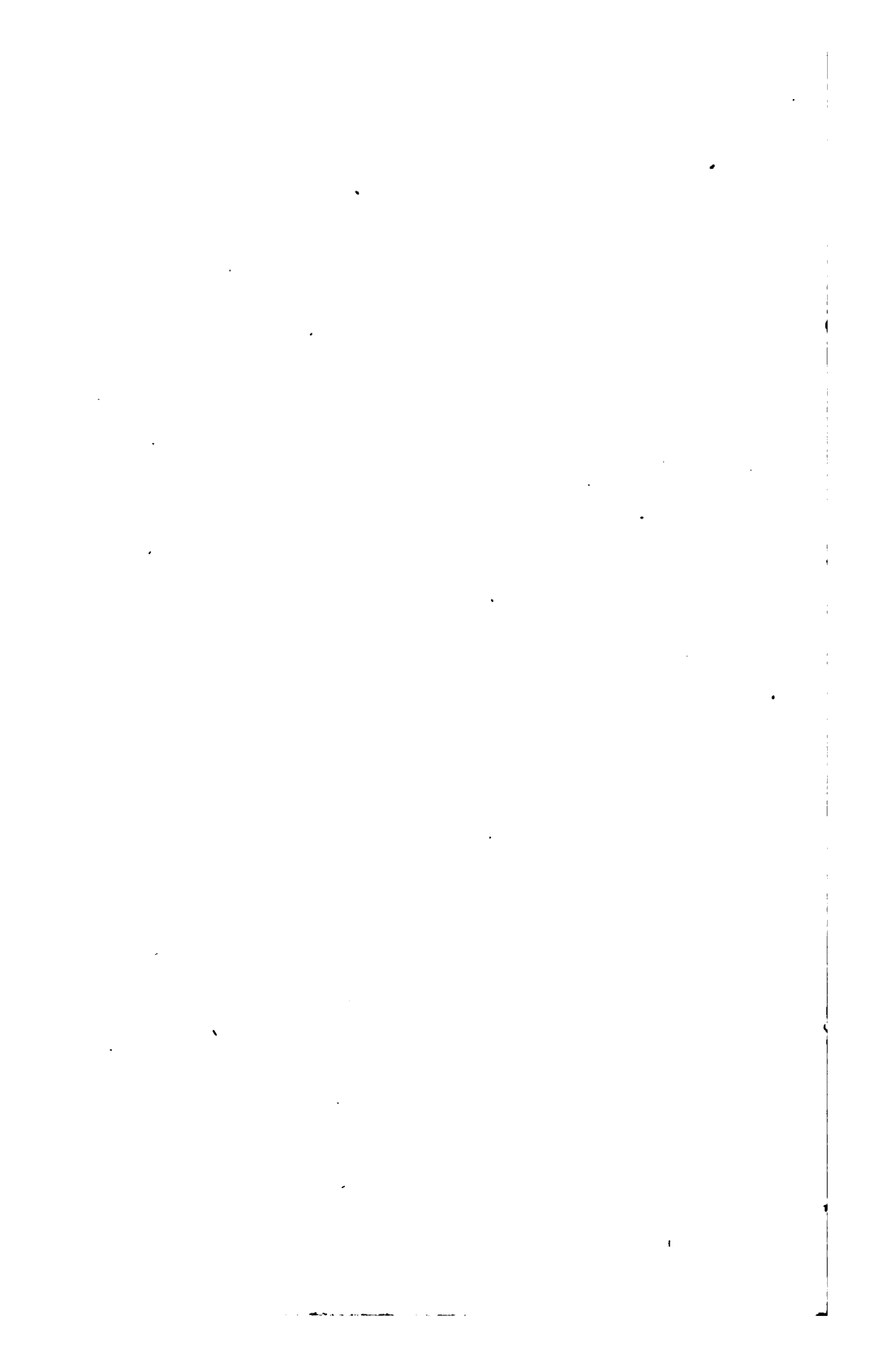
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**THESE MIMES ARE  
DEDICATED  
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## FOREWORD



*On the mouldering citadel  
of Troy lies the lizard like a  
thing of green bronze. The  
owl has built her nest in  
the palace of Priam. Over  
the empty plain wander shep-  
herd and goatherd with their  
flocks. . . .*

OSCAR WILDE.

## FOREWORD

F Marcel Schwob's purpose was to "create or re-create individual life, practising the art of differentiating existences," it is also true that his re-creations are a part of his own heart's life; and this, he says, in a letter to the writer, "is why the collection of *Mimes* is so slender. That life has worn away, and the renewal of the work would be like copying what I once lived through long ago."

So these twenty-and-one prose-songs, marking a stage of his own literary development, are reiterations of a dead and vanished time, reincarnations of the Greek soul,—a faithful recapturing of that old Greek life, seemingly so unconscious of a future here or elsewhere.

## FOREWORD

Perfectly moulded masks are they, as of a lifeless visage impressed in clay and revived in bronze, reproducing a people, with their customs, dress and mythological beliefs: a series of medallions threaded on a golden-linked chain of bygone environment; each medallion a poem wafted by a "frail Tartarean shade" from the underworld of wandering phantoms, where abide the spirits in meadows that bloom not, beneath skies without moon.

Oscar Wilde, in his *Intentions*, that charming and only book of Essays which he saw fit to bring together, has perfectly expressed this enduring quality of work, that is

*"Carv'd with figures strange and sweet,  
All made out of the carver's brain."*

"Those who live in marble, or on painted panel, know of life but a

## FOREWORD

single exquisite instant, eternal indeed in its beauty, but limited to one note of passion or one mood of calm. Those whom the poet makes live have their myriad emotions of joy and terror, of courage and despair, of pleasure and of suffering. But those who walk in epos, drama, or romance, see through the labouring months the young moons wax and wane, and watch the night from evening unto morning star, and from sunrise unto unsetting can note the shifting day with all its gold and shadow. For them, as for us, the flowers bloom and wither, and the Earth, that green-tressed Goddess as Coleridge calls her, alters her raiment for their pleasure. Movement, that problem of the visible arts, can be truly realized by Literature alone."

A dim-lit shade like that of temple

## FOREWORD

interiors, ever enwraps the soft-gliding throng of this vague spirit realm from whence these *Mimes* are shapen. Daphnis, "the forester, known from here to the heavens, keeper of a fair flock," and gentle Chloe, "the fresh in youthful beauty," called up from their deep sleep, falteringly issue from the dream-portal of Erebus, pathetic wraiths of a past love, with ardent souls extinguished by forgetfulness. Nor substance of tears or laughter nor of aught material are they,—mere tender fancies, yet we love the filmy figures, moon-flowers of the imagination, that float mid the starless plains of this gray Kingdom of Seeming, from which the aroma of youth and passion has fled, as float the transparent drifts of formless white clouds on a twilight sky.

Anon, summoning these shades of

## FOREWORD

the numbered centuries into the whiteness of our earth-sphere, mid the stir of the sunlit isles of Sicily, in the days when the pearly city of Mitylène gleamed radiant in the young-orbed world, the author renews the animate scenes and throbbing human passions of golden-hearted Greece, evolving clean-etched, realistic pictures that live with us in such vivid portrayal that we say of them: these are not stark and stiffened personages, but vital entities,—“a poor Greek like me.”

Robert Louis Stevenson wrote to Marcel Schwob from Vailima, July 7th, 1894:—“Thank you for having remembered me in my exile. I have read *Mimes* twice as a whole; and now, as I write, I am reading it again as it were by accident, and a piece at a time, my eye catching a word and

## FOREWORD

travelling obediently on through the whole number. It is a graceful book, essentially graceful, with its haunting agreeable melancholy, its pleasing savour of antiquity. . . . So here with these exquisite pieces, the xvith, xviiith, and ivth of the present collection. You will perhaps never excel them; I should think the 'Hermes,' never."

And to William E. Henley, in one of his last letters, he advised the translating of *Mimes*, saying it would be work worthy of such a poet. But, however poetic the manipulation of the translator, the rhythmic, undulating prose of the original can not be fully indicated in English; yet, so beautiful is the essence of the text, that the immortal presence of true inspiration cannot fail to shine forth.

## FOREWORD

Doubtless Herondas (or Herodas), whose *Mimes* were brought to light some years since in the British Museum, himself inspired by Sophron, "the master of the form," has served in return as an inspiration for this little group of *Mimes*.<sup>1</sup>

"Two thousand years old, they

---

<sup>1</sup> The *Mimiamboi* are assigned to the third and even the second century B. C. They consist of 700 lines divided into seven distinct poems in choliambic or Scazon iambic metre, forming a kind of dramatic idyl dealing with scenes of ordinary domestic life, mostly humorous and all but one in dialogue form. Modern knowledge of the *Mimes* dates from 1891, when what remains of them was discovered among the papyri in the British Museum. An autotype facsimile was published by the Museum authorities in 1892, and various translations into French and German have since been made. See *Studies of the Greek Poets* by John Addington Symonds, (Third edition, 1893,) Vol. II, pp. 221-239, where a complete prose version of the text will be found.



## FOREWORD

are as young as yesterday. Though they have survived the searching test of time they have been unseen of mortal eyes for countless centuries. . . . In the *Mimes* of Herondas is the revelation of a lost *genre* as well as a vivid and familiar image of ancient life. Even in the golden age of Greek literature the mime was practised and esteemed."

From the specimens cited by Mr. Whibley it is evident that they were not intended for dramatic representation.

"But," he continues, "if Herondas, in spite of Pliny's criticism, was not wont to polish and refine his style, he had a marvellous talent for presentation. His characters breathe and live; his simple situations are sketched in a dozen strokes, but with so vivid a touch that they are perfectly realised. The material is drawn from the common-

## FOREWORD

place of life, but it is handled with so just a sense of reality that two thousand years have not availed to tarnish the truth of the picture. The book is as modern as though it had been written — not recovered — yesterday. The emotions which Herondas delineates are not Greek, but human. . . . What can touch the sympathies more nearly than these sketches of life? Not even the most real of American realists could sniff therein the pitiful odour of romance or classicism. Their familiarity is, in a sense, more thrilling than the most exquisite verse. Here, indeed, is the Greek revealed in dressing-gown and slippers. . . . As the world was never young, so it will never grow old. The archæologist devotes years of research to compiling a picture of Greek life, and the result is *Charicles* — a solid and unrelieved

## FOREWORD

mass of 'local colour.' . . . Herondas, on the other hand, presents not a picture, but an impression; and one mime reveals more of life as it was lived two thousand years ago than the complete works of Becker, Ebers and the archæologists." All of which might have well been said of Schwob's *Mimes*.

And as "the chatter of women has changed no more in a thousand years than the song of birds," so, through the long sweep of the cycles, human nature has remained unchanging: the cook, such as he is in *Mimes*, tyrant of his domains, bullies his assistants and prates of his culinary skill, just the same to-day as in the distant yesterday; the sailor boasts his sea-lore and cherishes his superstitions of the sirens that will lure him to watery deeps, while "excellent lovers" wander

## FOREWORD

on the strand with tender caressing, and those who have loved and lost lament their dead with weary unrest. Thus "The mimes are not statues of the fifth century, but rather exquisite terra-cottas, quaintly and daintily fashioned, such as prudery commonly withdraws from public exhibition, and softened by that touch of nature which makes fiction real, and renders the old new again. And it gives us good hope of the future. If Herondas be found, why not Sophron, or Menander, or the priceless Sappho herself?"<sup>1</sup>

True to the key, withal, is Marcel Schwob, yet modulating his notes to the delicately attuned ears of the modern listener, an exemplifier of all that is ideal and realistic in the Greek

---

<sup>1</sup> See *Studies in Frankness*. By Charles Whibley. 8vo. London, 1898. (Pp. 145-160.)

## FOREWORD

temperament and atmosphere, in this little masterpiece whose least word "carries acute suggestions of classic scenes and classic characters."

In an article written for the July issue of the *Mercure de France*, in 1893, when *Mimes* first appeared, Téodor de Wyzewa, one of its most able contributors, asserts that the inception of a surer and finer literature than that which had preceded these times is heralded by the advent of this book : one which might be designated, provisionally, as an *imitative* literature. He holds that decrease of inner originality and increasing anxiety for exterior originality were the marked features constituting the history of contemporary art for the five years previous to this time, and that, as a result, artists and writers had lost discrimination, style, and sense of pro-

## FOREWORD

portion and perspective, vainly searching for sensationalism and imagining that *originality* was their first duty; whereas it should be but an adjunct, as the perfume of a flower is an accessory to its beauty.

Therefore their works were lacking that tranquil unrestraint and indefinable light and atmosphere which so permeated those of their predecessors, who possessed traditions of style,—and notably, that most important of all, which is the *imitation* of a predetermined model chosen from among ancient writers such as appeal to us most understandingly. Thus did Ronsard, who would have been dismayed had any one accused him of not imitating the old-time poets, and, as is well known, the sole literary ambition of Racine was to imitate Euripides.

And quoting de Wyzewa's own

## FOREWORD

words:—"This gracious little book of *Mimes* by Marcel Schwob is for him but a pastime,—the charming diversion of a poet's soul; I imagine he simply intended to continue the series of *Mimes* written by that ancient poet Herondas, and, in truth, he has done this efficaciously: each of his little prose poems affords us a simple, living image of Greek customs, an antique, faint and subtle image, so to speak, somewhat effaced as if the ages had considerably softened its colours. Still it is immediately seen that these poems, which might have been taken at first as translations of the lost works of Herondas, or of Theocritus, are additionally impregnated with a spirit entirely modern; and under the dainty garb fashioned after this form, and in these ancient portraits, we detect the extraordinary

## FOREWORD

qualities that impart an original savour to M. Schwob's writings.

"In the *Roi au Masque d'Or* and other of his works published in the *Mercure* series there is a sort of tempered tragedy which I do not remember ever to have encountered elsewhere. Never has any one been so facile in the realm of the improbable and supernatural: never before has anyone rehearsed such strange visions in so calm a voice, relieved only by a subtle symbolism that but serves to heighten the effect.

"In imitating these *Mimes* of Herondas M. Schwob has thrown into still clearer relief the versatile features of his originality, already so clearly recognized. And in none of his other works does he so thoroughly demonstrate himself in his double character of poet and savant."



## FOREWORD


Throughout all his writings M. Marcel Schwob's language gives evidence of the highest literary culture, his vivid imagination lending great charm to his talent: minute observer, yet eminently a *fantaisiste*, he mingles narrative and reverie with the utmost delicacy and skill. And as his soul-life has evolved through the years' intellectual developing, so the radius of his thought has enlarged from complex materialism to a view-point of tender, optimistic mysticism.

A. LENALIE.

## **MIMES**

*habe tibi quidquid hoc libelli,  
qualecumque quod o patrona virgo,  
plus uno maneat perenne saeculo.*

## PROLOGUE

 HE poet Herodas, who lived in the isle of Cos, under the reign of good king Ptolemæus, wafted unto me a frail Tartărean shade who had once loved on this earth. So my chamber was filled with myrrh; and a faint breath chilled my bosom. My heart became like to the heart of the dead; for I had forgotten my present existence.

The fond spirit shook from her tunic's fold a Sicilian cheese, a light basket of figs, a tiny amphora of black wine and a golden cicada. Forthwith I was seized with desire to write these *Mimes* and my nostrils were assailed by odors of oil from new wool, unctuous fumes from the kitchens of Agrigentum

## PROLOGUE

and acrid exhalations from the fish-stalls of Syracūsæ. Through the white streets of the city passed the cooks, their chitons high-girt, savory-throated flutists, wrinkled procuresses and dealers in slaves, their cheeks puffed out by reason of their gains. Across the blue-shadowed pasture-lands ceaselessly sped the piping herdsmen bearing glistening waxed reeds, and dairy-maids crowned with red flowers.

But the fond spirit heeded not my verses. She turned her head away into the night and shook from her tunic's fold a golden mirror, some full-blown poppies, and a gerbe of asphodels, offering me one of the rushes that grow on the banks of Lēthe. So was I filled with an instantaneous longing for the wis-

## PROLOGUE

dom and knowledge of things terrestrial. Now saw I, in the mirror, the wavering, transparent reflection of Pandean pipes and drinking-vessels, high, pointed hats and fresh countenances with mobile lips ; and the innermost meaning of objects became apparent to me. Then I lay me down upon the poppies and ate of the asphodels and my soul clasped hands with the shade that we might descend together toward Taenărus.

Long time the slow-gliding, fragile wraith led me on midst the black verdure of the lower regions where our feet were stained with saffron-flowers. And there deep regret overcame me for the isles of the purpled sea, the Sicilian strands, rayed with fine sea-grasses, and the

## PROLOGUE

whiteness of the sunlight. The fond spirit understood my wish, She touched my eyes with her shadowy hand, that I saw Daphnis and Chloe again ascend to the Lesbian fields. I was conscious of their grievous woe in tasting the bitterness of rebirth within the earthly night. And to Daphnis the kind goddess gave the form of a laurel, to Chloe the grace of the green osier-beds. Then knew I the calm of plants and joy of motionless stalks.

Hence I wafted toward the poet Herodas other *Mimes*, perfumed with the perfumes of the women of Cos and those of the wan flowers of the lower regions and the pliant wild earth-grasses.

Thus willed this frail Tartărean shade.

## MIME I



**H**OLDING a silver eel in one hand, thus, and in the other my long-bladed kitchen knife, I am returning from the port to our house. The former was hanging by its gills at the stall of a fish-woman whose shining locks were perfumed with sea-oil. With ten drachms I bought out the fish market this morning: save this eel there were merely some small dabs, and a few thin pipe-fish and sardines not worth offering to the soldiers on the ramparts. Meanwhile I am going to open him; he writhes like the thong of a leathern whip; then I shall dip him in the brine and promise the fork to the children who light the fire.



## MIMES

**MIME** — Bring the charcoal! blow on  
**I** the embers: they are of poplar-wood and the sparks will not beget rheum. Fool, thy head is empty as the swollen bladder of this conger-eel: shall I not grind it to the earth? Give me the osiers. Go, get thee to the ravens! This sage is worthless, Glaucon. I will fill thy mouth with it when thou art on the gibbet. And may'st thou swell to bursting like a sow's paunch stuffed with rich meal! Give me the hooks! the rings! And as for thee, though thou lick the mortars to the last morsel thou hast yet left in them the pounded garlic from yesterday! May the pestle choke thee and prevent thee from replying!


The flesh of this eel will be

## MIMES

savory. It will be eaten by epicu- MIMÉ  
rean guests. Aristippus who comes I  
crowned with roses, Hylas whose  
sandals, even, are tinted with red  
powders and my master, Parneios,  
with his buckles of hammered gold.  
I know they will clap their hands  
when they taste it, and allow me to  
remain, leaning against the door,  
while I watch the supple limbs of  
the dancing-girls and the cithern-  
players.

*le cuisinier.*

## MIME II

 WILL cause thee to be scourged, yea scourged with rods. Thy skin will be covered with stains like a nurse's cloak.—Slaves, take her away; first beat her about the belly; then turn her like a pipe-fish and beat her about the back. Listen; do you hear the clacking of her tongue?—Wilt thou be quiet, miserable wretch?

B. And what have I done to be given over to the sycophants?

A. 'Tis a cat that hath stolen naught; that now wishes to digest at her ease and softly drowse.—Slaves, bear away these fish in your baskets.—Why art thou selling lampreys, since the law-givers have forbidden it?

## MIMES

B. I did not know it was for- MIMÉ  
bidden.

II

A. And hath not the public  
crier announced it loudly in the  
market-place, commanding: "Si-  
lence"?

B. I heard not the "silence".

A. Hussy, thou mockest at the  
laws of the city.— This woman  
even aspires to tyranny. Strip her  
that I see if she be not a veritable  
Pisistrātus in hiding.— Ah! Ah!  
but now thou wert a woman. So  
then, so then. Verily, here is a  
woman-vender of a new species! Is  
it the fish that prefer thee in this  
fashion or thy customers?— Leave  
this young fellow naked: the heli-  
asts shall judge if he be not pun-  
ished for selling prohibited fish at  
the stalls, disguised as a woman.

II

## MIMES

**MIME**    **B.** O sycophant, have pity and  
    **II**    lend ear. I love better than life a  
        young girl who is guarded by the  
        slave-merchant of *Longs Murs*.  
        He will sell her for twelve minæ  
        and my father refuses me the  
        pieces of silver. I have prowled  
        about the house too frequently  
        and now they have placed her in  
        durance lest I should see her.  
        Soon she will be brought to the  
        market-place with her friends and  
        master. I have thus disguised  
        myself that I may speak with her ;  
        and that I may gain her attention,  
        unobserved, am I selling these  
        lampreys.

**A.** If thou givest me one mina  
        I will cause thy friend to be seized  
        with thee when she is buying thy  
        fish and I will feign to denounce


## MIMES

both, thou as seller, she as buyer; MIMÉ  
then, confined in my house, you II  
may scoff till the next dawn at the  
miserly merchant. — Slaves, return  
her dress to this woman, for she *is*  
a woman (did you not see her?)  
and these lampreys are false lam-  
preys — by Hermes, they are ex-  
ceedingly fat, glistening pipe-fish  
(did you not tell me so?) — Return  
to thy fish-stall, insolent creature,  
and have a care not to sell anything  
for I still suspect thee.

— Here comes the young girl;  
by Aphrodite, she is supple; I  
shall have one mina, and perhaps,  
by intimidating this young man,  
may divide the love also.

*la fausse marchande.*

### MIME III

PEN to us! child, child  
open to us! Behold the  
offspring of the wooden  
swallow. Her head is  
painted red and her wings are blue.  
Not so are the living swallows, as  
we know; and, by Philomēla, there  
is one, even now, which wings its  
flight across the sky; but ours is  
carved from wood. Child! open  
to us, open to us, child!

Here are ten, twenty, thirty of  
us bringing you the painted swal-  
low to announce the return of  
spring. No flowers are here as  
yet, but accept these white and rose-  
tinted palms.

We know you are cooking a  
stuffed paunch, with honied beets;  
and yesterday your slave bought

## MIMES

dormice to preserve in sugar. MIME  
Guard your feast unto yourself : we III  
ask but little. Some fried nuts!  
some fried nuts! Child, give us  
some nuts, give us some nuts,  
child!

The swallow's head is as rosy as  
the new dawn and her wings are  
blue as the new month's sky.  
Rejoice ye! The porches will  
shed coolness and the trees will  
paint their shadows on the meads.  
Our swallow predicts you boun-  
tiful harvest of wine and oil.  
Turn last year's oil in our jugs and  
the wine in our amphoras; for,—  
listen, O child! —the swallow says  
she wills to taste them! Pour out  
your wine and oil for our wooden  
swallow!

In former days when you were



## MIMES

**MIME** small you have perchance, like us,  
**III** borne the swallow from door to door. She motions that she remembers it. Do not, then, keep us waiting at your threshold till the night-torches are alight. Give us of your fruits and curds. If you are generous we will go to the next house where dwells the miser with red eyebrows. The swallow will ask him for his dish of rabbit, his yellow tart and his roasted thrushes and we will beseech him to throw us some silver-pieces. He will raise his eyebrows and shake his head. Then we will teach our swallow a song whereat you will laugh. For so, she will pipe abroad through the city the tale of the wife of a miser with red eyebrows. *l'hirondelle de bois.*

## MIME IV



OSTELRY, o'er-run  
with vermin, the poet,  
bitten till deplete of  
blood, salutes thee. Not  
to thank thee for having sheltered  
him one night on the borders of a  
dark highway; the route is miry as  
that which leads to Hades — but  
thy cots are broken down, the lamps  
smoky; thine oil is rancid, galettes  
mouldy, and, since last autumn there  
are white worms in thine emptied  
nut-shells. But the poet is grateful  
to the venders of swine who came  
from Megăra to Athēnæ (thy parti-  
tions are thin, O hostelry), and ren-  
ders thanks also to thy vermin,  
which kept him awake by preying  
upon his whole body, swarming in  
hurrying masses upon the beds.

## MIMES

**MIME** For, since thus he might not  
**IV** sleep, he sought to breathe the  
white moonlight through an opening  
in the wall; and from thence  
he saw a vender of women who  
came knocking at the door very  
late at night. The merchant called:  
Child, child!—but the slave was  
snoring, face downward, and with  
upstretched arms muffled his ears  
with the coverings. Then the poet  
wrapped himself in a yellow robe,  
of the same shade as nuptial veils:  
this crocus-tinted robe had been  
left in his possession one morning  
when a young love-maiden deserted  
him clad in a new lover's robe. So  
the poet, with the outward seeming  
of a servant, opened the door; and  
the vender of women ushered in a  
numerous band. The breasts of

## MIMES

the young girl who entered last MIME  
were firm as the quince fruit; she IV  
was worth, at least, twenty minæ.

— O servant, said she, I am  
weary; where is my bed?

— O my dear lady, said the poet,  
thy friends already occupy every  
bed in the inn; only the servant's  
cot is left; if you wish to lie  
thereon you are welcome.

The miserable wretch who cared  
for all these fair, young girls flared  
the light of the great charred lamp-  
wick in the face of the poet; per-  
ceiving a maid-servant, neither  
too beautiful nor well arrayed, he  
uttered no word of dissent.

Hostelry, the poet, bitten till  
deplete of blood, thanks thee. The  
woman who rested with the maid-  
servant this night was softer than

## MIMES

**MIME** eider-down and her fragrant throat  
**IV** was like to a perfected fruit. But  
all this had remained untold, O  
hostelry, but for the noisy prating  
of thy cot. The poet fears that the  
little pigs of Megăra may have thus  
learned of his adventure. O ye  
who listen to these words, if the  
“*coi, coi*” of these little pigs from  
Agora to Athēnæ falsely relates  
that our poet indulges in low  
amours come to the hostelry and  
see his little friend whose love he  
knew,—she whose breasts are as  
firm as the quince fruit,—this poet  
bitten by the blessèd vermin on a  
moonlit night.

*L'hôtellerie.*

## MIME V



HIS earthen jar overflowing with milk is intended as an offering to the little goddess of my fig-tree. I will pour libations of new milk each morning, and if it so pleaseth the goddess I will fill the jar with honey or unblended wine. Thus will I honor her from spring-tide until autumn; and should a storm break this jar I will purchase another at the potteries, even though clay should be priceless this year.

In return, I pray the little goddess who watches over the fig-tree in my garden to change the color of its figs. They were white, sweet and savory; but Iol   wearies of them.

## MIMES

**MIME** She now longs for red figs, and  
v , vows they will be better thus.

It is never true to nature that a fig-tree bearing white fruit should put forth red figs in the autumn; nevertheless Iol  wishes it thus. If I have faithfully consecrated myself to my garden gods; if I have woven them garlands of violets and poured forth libations of wine and milk from my water-jars; if I have gathered poppies for them at the hour when the sun kisses the crest of my wall, mid swarms of gnats that float on the evening air; if I am worthy of their friendly consideration for my religious observance of all these rites, O goddess, cause thy fig-tree to blossom for the bearing of red figs.

If thou should'st not hearken to


## MIMES

my supplication I shall not cease to MIMÉ  
honor thee with cool jars; but I v  
shall be constrained to rise at dawn,  
in the fruit season, to dextrously  
pry open each new fig and stain its  
inner recesses with fine Tyrian dyes  
of purple.

*les figues peintes.*



## MIME VI

 A potter, having turned the base of a jar whose bowl I moulded and curved from yellow clay, have filled it with fruit as an offering to the god of gardens. But he ever contemplates the shimmering foliage, fearing lest thieves break through the walls. At night the furtive dormice have burrowed among the apples and devoured them to the very seeds. Timidly, as the fourth hour approached, they emerged, waving their downy black and white tails. At dawn Aphrodite's doves perched on the violet rim of my earthen vessel, erecting their little, iridescent neck-feathers. At quivering noontide, a young girl, alone, drew near the

## MIMES

god, bringing hyacinth wreaths. MIME  
Having perceived me where I VI  
tarried, crouching in the shadow of  
a beech, unregarding of me, she  
crowned the jar, devoid of its fruits.  
Though the god, thus despoiled  
of his flowers, become enangered,  
though the dormice devour my  
apples, though Aphrodite's birds  
curve their tender heads towards  
one another wonderingly! — yet  
have I twined the fresh hyacinths  
in my hair, and till the next noon I  
will await her who garlands the  
jars.

*la jarre couronnée.*

## MIME VII



MANNIA, come chastise this insolent one with a good, leather lash of Paphlagonia. I bought him of the Phœnician merchants for ten minæ and he has not suffered with hunger under my roof. Let him tell it, if the cooks have given him rancid fish or olives. He has gorged himself with stuffed and roasted paunches, pipe-fish from lake Copaïs, and rich curds that still bear the impress of their wicker moulds. He has drunk of the unblended wines that I treasured in fragrant goat-skin bottles. He has emptied my flasks of Syriān balm and his tunic is violet-purple: the scullions have never plunged him in the vats,

## MIMES

His locks gleam like the aigrettes MIME  
of a gold torch; the barber has VII  
never touched scissors to them.  
Each day my women depilate him  
and the lamp's red tongue licks his  
skin. His loins are whiter than  
my throat or than the flanks of  
ivory lions sculptured on knife-  
handles.

By my soul, he has drunk as much  
wine in my caves, in one evening,  
as the initiates of the Thesmophoria  
during the three days of mysteries.  
I thought him snoring, prone on  
the ground near the kitchens, and  
I would have prayed the torturers  
to flay his lips with a mortar-pestle  
for punishment; he should have  
expiated his drunkenness with the  
acrid flavor of freshly bruised gar-  
lic. But I found him trembling,

## MIMES

MIME with uneasy glance, holding in his  
VII hand my mirror of polished silver;  
and this thrice impious one, having  
stolen from my jewel-casket one of  
my golden cicadas, had fastened it in  
his curled locks. Then, balancing  
on one leg, his body vacillating with  
the fumes of wine, he was twining  
about his thighs the gauze covering  
in which I am accustomed to clothe  
myself beneath my tunic when,  
with my friends, I go to look on at  
the fêtes of Adōnis.

*l'esclave déguisé.*

## MIME VIII



HIS lamp with its new wick burneth with pure, refined oil, before the evening star. The threshold is strewn with roses that the children have not removed. The dancers wave their last torches that stretch their fiery fingers out into the night-shades. The little piper has again breathed three shrill notes on his bone flute. The carriers are come, bringing coffers filled with translucid circlets for the ankles. Here is one who has coated his face with soot and intoned the jests of his deme. Two red-veiled women smile in the quiet air, as they anoint their hands with cinaber.

## MIMES

**MIME**    The evening star ariseth and the  
**VIII**    heavy-laden blossoms close. Near  
the great wine vat, covered with a  
sculptured slab, is seated a laughing  
child whose shining feet are shod  
with gold sandals. He waves a  
pine torch and its red strands flare  
across the darkness. His lips are  
half opened like a cleft fruit. He  
sneezes, turning toward the left,  
and the metal reverberates under  
his feet. Whereat I know he will  
depart at a bound.

Io! behold the yellow veil of the  
virgin bride draweth near! Her  
women sustain her 'neath each  
arm. Remove the torches! The  
nuptial bed awaits her, and I will  
guide her toward the soft glim-  
mering of its purple tissues. Io!  
Plunge the lampwick in the fra-


## MIMES

grant oil. It flickers and dies. MIMÉ  
Extinguish the torches! O my VIII  
bride, I raise thee to my breast;  
that thy feet may not crush the  
roses on the threshold.

*la veillée nuptiale.*



## MIME IX

 PRAY whoever shall read these lines to make renewed search for my cruel slave. He fled from my chamber at the second hour after midnight.

I had bought him in a Bythynian city and he was redolent with the balm of his native land. Long were his locks and sweet his lips. We took passage upon a vessel slender as a bean-shell. The bearded sailors forbade us to shave or cut the hair, fearing storms; and they threw overboard a spotted cat by the light of the new moon. The little wooden oars and canvas sails which impel these barks bore us by way of the Pontiac sea, where the waves are leaden-hued, to the banks of Thrace

## MIMES

where the foam-caps are purple MIMES  
touched with saffron when the IX  
sun rises. Then we crossed the  
Cyclādes and reached the isle of  
Rhōdus. Near there we disembarked from the tapered hull at another isle the name of which I will never reveal. For there the grottoes are hung with red grasses and sown with green furze, the meadows soft as milk, and all the berries of the shrubs, be they dark red, clear as drops of crystal, or black as swallows' heads, contain a delicious juice that reanimates the soul. I will remain as silent about this isle as is an initiate of mysteries. It is very fair and no shadows ever hover over it. There loved I all one summer. In the autumn a flat-boat bore us to these

## MIMES

**MIME** shores. For my affairs were being  
**IX** neglected; and I wished to raise  
money to clothe my slave in tunics  
of fine byssus. I have given him  
golden bracelets, staves wrought  
from electron and precious stones  
that gleam in the dark.

O miserable one that I am! He  
rose from beside me and I know  
not whence to seek him. O ye  
women who each year mourn  
Adōnis, be not contemptuous of  
my supplications! If this wicked  
one should come within your reach,  
bind him with iron chains; fetter  
his limbs; throw him in the dun-  
geon paved with flags; have him  
driven to the gibbet and may the  
State-Torturer bend his head under  
the irons; sow generous handfuls  
of seeds around the gallows-hill,

## MIMES

that the kites and crows come the **MIME**  
sooner to feed upon his flesh. But **IX**  
rather (since I trust ye not and am  
not sure that ye might not bestow  
pity upon a skin so polished with  
pumice-stone), I prefer you should  
not touch him, even with the tips of  
your delicate fingers. Give him  
over to your young heralds; that  
they return him to me instantly; I  
shall know in what manner to pun-  
ish him myself: I will chastise him  
cruelly. By the offended gods, but  
I love him, I love him.

*l'amoureuse.*

## MIME X



If you doubt that I have wielded the heavy oars look at my hands and knees; you will find them worn like ancient tools. I know each plant of that marine desert which is violet-hued at times, at others blue, and I also know the principle of each spiral shell. Some of the plants are endowed with human life; these have transparent eyes like jelly, a body like the sow's teats and a multitude of tiny tentacles which are also mouths. Among the perforated shells I have seen some which were pierced more than a thousand times; and through each tiny opening came and went a fleshly

## MIMES

foot, by means of which the shell **MIME**  
was conveyed about. **X**

After passing Hercules' pillars  
the ocean that surrounds the world  
becomes strange and infuriate.

And in its course it creates  
darksome islands whereon dwell  
different types of men and won-  
derful animals. There is a great  
serpent, with golden beard, which  
governs its kingdom wisely; and  
some women of this country have  
an eye at the extremity of each  
finger. Others have beaks and  
crests like birds; otherwise they  
resemble us. On one isle at which  
I landed, the inhabitants carried  
their heads where our stomachs  
are located; and when they saluted  
us they bowed their abdomens. As  
to cyclops, pigmies and giants I

## MIMES

**MIME** will say naught of them; for their  
**X** number is too great.

None of these things appeared to partake of the unnatural to me; I felt no terror of them. But one evening we reached Scyllæum. Our bark touched sand on the Sicilian side. As I was turning the rudder I perceived in the water's midst the head of a woman with closed eyes. Her hair was tinged with gold. She seemed to sleep. And then, indeed, I trembled for I feared to look into her eyes, well knowing that, having once gazed therein, I should turn the rudder of our boat toward the seething whirlpool.

*le marin.*

## MIME XI



N the fertile pasture-lands of Siciliā, there is a wood of sweet almonds not far from the sea. Therein is an ancient bench of black stone, whereon of old the herdsmen have been wont to sit.

On the branches of adjacent trees hang cicada cages woven of fine rushes, and baskets of green osiers that are used to gather in the fish. She who sleeps upright on the stone bench, her feet banded about with fillets, her head hidden under a pointed, red, straw hat, awaits a shepherd who has ne'er returned. He departed, his hands coated with pure wax, to cut reeds in the damp thickets; he desired to fashion from



## MIMES

**MIME** them a flute of seven pipes, as the  
**XI** god Pan had taught him to do.  
And when seven hours were passed,  
the first note quavered forth near  
the black stone bench where she  
who sleeps to-day was watching.  
Now this note was near, clear and  
silvery. Then seven more hours  
passed over the sun-blued prairie,  
and a second note resounded,  
joyous and golden. And every  
seventh hour she that is sleeping  
now heard one of the notes of the  
new syrinx ring out. The third  
note was distant and harsh like the  
clang of iron. The fourth was still  
more distant, and deeply resonant,  
like the voice of bronze. The fifth  
was broken and staccato, like the  
tone of a tin vessel. But the sixth  
was dull and muffled, as unvibrant


## MIMES

as the leaden weights of a net that MIMES  
clash together. XI

Now she who sleeps to-day awaits  
the seventh note which soundeth  
never. The days enwrap the  
almond woods with their white  
mists, the twilights with their gray  
mists, and the nights with their  
mists of purple and blue. Per-  
haps the shepherd is awaiting the  
seventh note on the shore of a  
luminous sea, in the thickening  
shadow of nights and years; and,  
seated on the black stone bench,  
she who awaits the herdsman has  
sunk to slumber.

*les six notes de la flûte.*

## MIME XII

 HE tyrant Polycrātes commanded that there should be brought him three sealed flagons containing three different choice wines. The faithful slave selected one black stone flagon, one of yellow gold and one of limpid glass; but the thoughtless cup-bearer poured the same wine of Samos into all three flagons.

Polycrātes examined the flagon of black stone and frowned. He broke the gypsum seal and inhaled the wine. This flagon, said he, is of common material and the odor of the wine within it pleases me but indifferently.

He raised the flagon of yellow gold and admired it: "this wine,"


## MIMES

said he, having unsealed it, "is certainly inferior to its beautiful receptacle enriched with vermillion grapes and effulgent vines." MIME  
XII

But grasping the third flagon of limpid glass he held it up to the sunlight. The ruby wine glowed scintillant. Polycrātes removed the seal, poured the contents of the flagon in his beaker and quaffed it at a single draught. "This," said he, drawing a long breath, "is the best wine I have tasted." Then, placing his goblet on the table, he hurled the flagon that it shivered into fragments.

*le vin de Samos.*

## MIME XIII

 HE fig-trees have shed their figs and the olive-trees their olives; for a strange thing has come to pass in the isle of Scyros. A young girl was fleeing, pursued by a youth. She had lifted the skirt of her tunic till the edge of the gauze under-garment was seen. As she ran she let fall a small silver mirror. The young man raised it from the ground and gazed therein; he admiringly contemplated his eyes, fraught with wisdom, loved their intelligence, ceased his pursuit and seated himself on the sand. And the young girl fled anew, followed by a man in the meridian of his days. She had

## MIMES

upraised the bottom of her tunic **MIME**  
and her limbs were like the meat of **XIII**  
a fruit. In her flight an apple of  
gold rolled from her lap. Then he  
who followed her plucked the gold  
apple from the earth, concealed it  
under his tunic, gloated over it,  
ceased his pursuit and seated him-  
self on the sand. And the young  
girl still fled; but her steps were  
less swift. For she was followed  
by a tottering old man. She had  
lowered her tunic and her ankles  
were enfolded in cloth of many  
colors. But whilst she was running  
the strange thing came to pass:  
for, one by one, her breasts were  
detached and rolled to the ground,  
like ripened medlars. The old man  
swallowed both; and the young  
girl, before flinging herself into the

## MIMES

MIME river that crosses the isle of Scyros,  
XIII 'uttered two shrieks of horror and  
regret.

*les trois courses.*

## MIME XIV

**E**XTENDED thus by  
my rounded rods, plaited  
from clay straws, or  
woven from earth-mould  
that the firing has reddened, I am  
held backwards and toward the  
sun by a young girl with beautiful  
breasts. With her other hand she  
raises her white, woolen tunic and  
above her Persian sandals may be  
seen such ankles as are moulded  
for the wearing of electron rings.  
Her hair is waved and a large pin  
is thrust through it at the neck.  
She evinces her dread of the sun  
by averting her head and in seem-  
ing is as Aphrodīte come with  
bended neck.

Such is my fair mistress, and



## MIMES

**MIME** formerly we wandered in the mead-  
**XIV** ows sown with hyacinths, when  
she was in the rosy flesh and I of  
yellow straw: the white sunlight  
kissed me without, and beneath  
my dome the perfume of the maid-  
en's locks caressed me. And the  
deity who transforms objects hav-  
ing hearkened to my prayer, like a  
water-swallow that descends with  
outstretched wings to caress with  
its beak a flower born in the depths  
of a pool, I gently alighted on her  
head; I lost the reed which held  
me aloof from her in the air and  
became the hat which covered her  
with its fluttering roof.

But a potter that also modelled  
figures of young girls, having spied  
us in a suburb of the city, implored  
us to wait while he rapidly turned

## MIMES

under his thumbs a tiny image of MIMÉ  
clay. A worker in small figures, he XIV  
reproduced us in his clay language  
and assuredly he understood how  
to delicately plait me, deftly fold  
the white, woollen tunic, and wave  
my lady's hair; but not compre-  
hending the unexpressed desire of  
things inanimate he cruelly sepa-  
rated me from the head I loved; so,  
once more become a parasol in my  
renewed existence, I now balance  
myself afar from the neck of my  
mistress.

*l'ombrelle de Tanagra.*

## MIME XV



CONSECRATE this altar to the memory of Kinné. Here, near the black rocks where the foam splinters, we have roamed together. The channelled strand knows it, and the woods of service-trees, — the reeds of the sands and the yellow tops of the sea-poppies. Her hands were filled with fluted conch-shells and I poured kisses in her quivering, shell-like ears. She laughed at the crested birds that perch on the sea-weed with balancing tails. I saw in her eyes the long line of white light that marks the horizon boundary of the brown earth and the blue sea. The water rose about her feet to the ankles

## MIMES

and the tiny sea denizens leaped **MIME**  
upon her woolen tunic. **XV**

We loved the shining evening  
star and the hazy crescent moon.  
The wind that crosses the ocean  
'bore to us the fragrance of spice-  
lands. Our lips were whitened with  
the sea-salt and we watched the soft,  
translucent creatures on the waves,  
like living lamps. The breath of  
Aphrodite enveloped us.

I know not why the Kind God-  
dess had lulled Kinné to that long  
sleep. She sank among the yellow  
sand-poppies at the rose-dawn of the  
morning star. Blood oozed from  
her mouth and the light of her eyes  
went out. Between her eyelids I  
saw the long, black line that marks  
the dividing of those that rejoice in  
the sunlight from those that weep


## MIMES

MIME near the fens. Now Kinné walks  
xv alone on the shores of the nether  
waters and the hollows of her ears  
are resonant with the murmurings  
of the flying shades. Over the  
sea-rim of hell wave sad black-  
headed poppies, and the star of  
Persephōne's dim sky has neither  
evening nor morning, but is like  
to a withered asphodel.

*Kinné.*

## SISMÉ

(Not included in original edition.)

 HE whom here you see  
in withered form was  
called Sismé, daughter  
of Thratta; in her youth  
she knew but the bees and the  
flocks; then she tasted the salt of  
the sea; at length a merchant led  
her into the white houses of Syrïa.  
Now she is closely swathed, like a  
precious statuette, in her stone  
sheath. Count the rings which  
gleam on her fingers: just so many  
years had she. See the fillet that  
bands her forehead: thereon she  
timidly received her first love-kiss.  
Touch the star of pale rubies that  
sleeps where once was her bosom:  
there reposed a belovèd head.

## MIMES

**SISMÉ**     Near Sismé they have placed her tarnished mirror, her silver osselets and long amber pins which once adorned her hair; for, at her twentieth year (there are twenty rings), she was covered with gems.

A rich magistrate gave her all that women covet: Sismé never forgets him, and her little, white bones have not rejected the jewels.

Now the magistrate has built this ornate sepulchre for her, to protect the tender dead, and surrounded her with vases of unguents and golden lachrimatories. Sismé thanks him.

But thou, if thou would'st know the secret of an embalmed heart, unclasp the tiny joints of this left hand: there thou wilt find a simple, little, glass ring. This ring was


## MIMES

transparent; from the passing of SISMÉ  
the years it has become smoky and  
opaque; Sismé loves it. Be silent  
and comprehend.

*Sismé.*



## MIME XVI

 L A I D in Lysander's tomb a green osier, a red lamp and a silver goblet.

The green osier will serve to recall to him, for a little space (for one season will turn it to dust), our friendship, the soft verdure of the pastures, the arched backs of the grazing sheep and the cool, shaded nooks where we fell asleep. And he will remember our earthly sustenance and the winters when fruits are garnered within the amphoras.

The red lamp is wrought with naked women who clasp hands and dance with interweaving limbs. The perfume of the oil will evaporate, and the clay from which the

## MIMES

lamp is fashioned will crumble in MIMÉ  
the passing of the years. So Ly- XVI  
sander shall not forget the happy  
nights and white bodies which the  
lamp illumined; and it also served  
to shear, with its red tongue of  
flame, the soft down of arm and  
thigh, for the enhancing of touch  
and sight.

The silver goblet is wreathed  
about with vines and golden grapes;  
an incensed god waves his ivied  
staff, and the nostrils of Silenus'  
ass seem still to quiver as in life.  
It was filled with sharp wine, pure  
and blended; wine of Chios per-  
fumed by the goat-skin, and wine  
of Aegina cooled in earthen jars  
hung to the wind. Lysander  
drank from it at the fêtes where he  
recited poems; and the soul of the

## MIMES

**MIME** wine it was that dowered him with  
**xvi** the spirit of poesy and oblivion of  
earthly matters. Thus the form  
of his spirit will still bide near  
him and, when the osier shall have  
decayed and the lamp be crumbled,  
the silver vessel will still endure in  
his sepulchre. Oft may he drain  
this goblet, filled with oblivion, in  
memory of his happiest moments  
amongst us.

*les présents funéraires.*

## MIME XVII

**W**HETHER the dead be enclosed in sculptured stone sarcophagi, or sealed in the hollow of metal or clay urns, or encased upright, gilded and decorated in blue, with brain and viscera removed, swathed in linen bands, yet will I conduct them in a company and guide them on their way with my controlling wand.

We advance down a swift path that eye of man hath not seen. Harlots press close against virgins, murderers against philosophers, mothers against those that refused to bear children, and priests against perjurers. For they repent them of their sins, were they those of

## MIMES

**MIME** the imagination or of the deed.

**xvii** And having never been free upon earth, since they were there trammelled by customs and laws, or their own beliefs, they fear isolation and cling to each other for help. She that slept naked in the tiled chambers among the men is consoling a young girl who died before her nuptial eve,—yet dreaming imperiously of her love. One that was wont to murder on the high-ways, his face grimed with ashes and soot, places his hand on the brow of a thinker who wished to regenerate the world and preached death. The woman who loved her children and suffered through them buries her face in the bosom of an hetaira who, by intent, was without issue. The long-robed man that

## MIMES


was persuaded he believed in his MIMÉ  
God and constrained himself to xvii  
kneel often, now weeps on the  
shoulder of a cynic who broke  
every law of the flesh and spirit  
before the eyes of the world. So  
sustains the one the other along  
the route, journeying under the  
yoke of memory.

Then they come to the bank of  
Lēthe where I range them along  
the shore of the silent-flowing water.  
Some plunge therein their heads  
containing evil thoughts, others the  
hands that wrought evil. Rising  
therefrom, the water of Lēthe has  
effaced all remembrance.

Therewith they stand aloof from  
one another, and each smiles believ-  
ing he is free.

*Hermes psychagôgos.*

## MIME XVIII

HUS spake the Mirror:  
I was wrought from silver by a skilled workman. At first I was concave like his hand and my reverse side was like a lustreless eye-ball. But I was then incurved in such manner as to reflect images. At length Athēna breathed wisdom within me. I am not unaware of the young maiden's desires as she holds me, and I respond in advance that she is fair. Yet she rises at night and lights her bronze lamp. She turns on me the yellowed lamp-flame and her heart calls for another countenance than her own. I reflect her own white brow, her finely moulded cheeks,

## MIMES

her nascent, swelling breasts, and MIMÉ  
young eyes fraught with ques- XVIII  
tioning.

Her trembling lips she nearly  
poses on my surface; but the burn-  
ing gold illumines naught save her  
countenance and all else within me  
is obscure.

Thus spake the golden Dart:—

As I was ingloriously plying  
through a weft of byssus, having  
been stolen from a Tyrian by a  
black slave, I was seized upon by  
a perfumed courtesan. She thrust  
me in her hair and I pricked the  
fingers of the imprudent. Aphro-  
dite taught me and sharpened my tip  
with voluptuousness. At length,  
I have come to be worn in the coif-  
fure of this young girl, and have  
caused her silken twists to vibrate



## MIMES

**MIME** to my sway. Her blood riots under  
**XVIII** my touch like a wild heifer but  
she divines not the cause of her  
suffering. During the four watches  
of the night I evoke sentiments in  
her mind to which her heart  
responds. The flickering lamp-  
flame casts dancing shadows which  
curve their wingèd arms. Thus,  
in thronging mass, appear hurry-  
ing visions and she swiftly ques-  
tions her mirror. It but reflects  
a countenance tortured with desire.

Thus spake the Poppy-head:—

I am born in underground fields  
among those plants whose hues are  
nameless. I know every shade of  
darkness; I have seen the irradi-  
ate flowers of night. Proserpina  
has borne me on her bosom and  
there I partook of sleep. When


## MIMES

Aphrodīte's dart wounds the young girl to eager desire I show her the shapes which wander in eternal night. There are beautiful young mortals graced with charms which have ceased to exist. Aphrodīte endows with desire and Athēna reveals to mankind the unavail of their dreams; but Proserpīna holds the secret keys of the two gates of horn and of ivory. By the first portal she sends forth into the night the phantoms that haunt mortals; and Aphrodīte makes captives of them, while Athēna destroys them. But through the second portal the Kind Goddess receives all those that are awearied of Aphrodīte and Athēna.

MIME  
XVIII

*le miroir, l'aiguille, le pavot.*

## MIME XIX

CMÉ died while yet I was pressing my lips upon her hands, and the mourning women came about us. The cold crept over her lower limbs till they became pale and chilled. Then it mounted to her heart, that ceased to flutter, like a blood-stained bird one finds outstretched with feet drawn up on an icy morn. And so ascended the chill to her lips which became as sombred purple.

Then the mourning women anointed her body with balm of Syrîa and composed her hands and feet to lay her on the funeral pile. And the red flames leaped upon her like an ardent lover in the mid-

## MIMES

summer nights, to devour her with their scorching kisses. MIME  
XIX

And the sepulchral men, whose office it is to do this, brought to my house two silver vases wherein are the ashes of Acmé.

Thrice Adōnis died and thrice the women lamented on the house-tops. And in this third year on the night of the festival, I dreamed a dream.

Meseemèd that my dear Acmé was standing by my bedside, her left hand clasping her bosom. She came forth from the realm of spirits; for her body was strangely transparent, save about her heart whereon she was pressing her hand.

Then grief aroused me and I lamented as did the women who were weeping for Adōnis.

## MIMES

MIME But the bitter poppies of sleep  
XIX again encompassed me. And again  
it seemed to me that my beloved  
Acme was standing by my bed, her  
hand pressed to her heart.

Once more I lamented and prayed  
the cruel guardian of dreams to  
withhold her vision.

But the third time she reappeared  
and signed with her head.

I know not by what obscure path  
she led me to the meadows of the  
dead, which are surrounded by the  
watery girdle of the Styx where  
croak the black frogs. And there,  
seated on a knoll, she withdrew the  
left hand which covered her bosom.

Now the shade of Acme was  
transparent as beryl, but I saw  
within her breast, a red heart-  
shaped stain.

## MIMES


And she supplicated me, with MIMÉ  
wordless speech, to take back her XIX  
bleeding heart that thereby she  
might wander sorrowless midst the  
poppy-fields which wave there  
below like wheat in the fields of  
Sicilia.

Then I clasped her in my arms  
but felt only the subtle ether. Yet  
it seemed to me that blood flowed  
into my heart and the shade of  
Acme was dissipated into thin air.

And therefore have I written  
these lines because my heart is  
permeated with the heart of Acme.

*Acme.*

## MIME XX

 HE little guardian of Proserpina's temple has laid honey-combs sprinkled with poppy-seeds, in the corbeils. She has long since been aware that the goddess never tastes them, for she has watched from behind the pilasters. The Kind Goddess remains impassive and is nourished under the earth. But even if she were nurtured with our sustenance she would prefer bread rubbed with garlic and sharp wine; for the bees of Hades make honey which is perfumed with myrrh and those that walk in the violet meadows of the lower regions ceaselessly wave black poppies. So the bread of spirits is preserved in honey which savours

## MIMES

of embalming and the seeds which **MIME**  
are scattered there beget a longing **XX**  
for sleep. Therefore hath Homer  
said that the dead, ordained by the  
sword of Odysseus, came in a band  
to drink the black blood of lambs  
from a square trench hollowed out  
of the earth. But for this once only  
the dead imbibed of blood, essaying  
to renew life, for they are wont to  
partake of funereal honey and som-  
bre poppies, and the liquid which  
flows in their veins is the water of  
Lēthe. Spirits devour sleep and  
quaff oblivion.

For this reason, and none other,  
mankind has chosen such gifts as  
offerings to Proserpina; but she is  
not disquieted thereby, for she is  
imbued with oblivion and perme-  
ated with sleep.



## MIMES

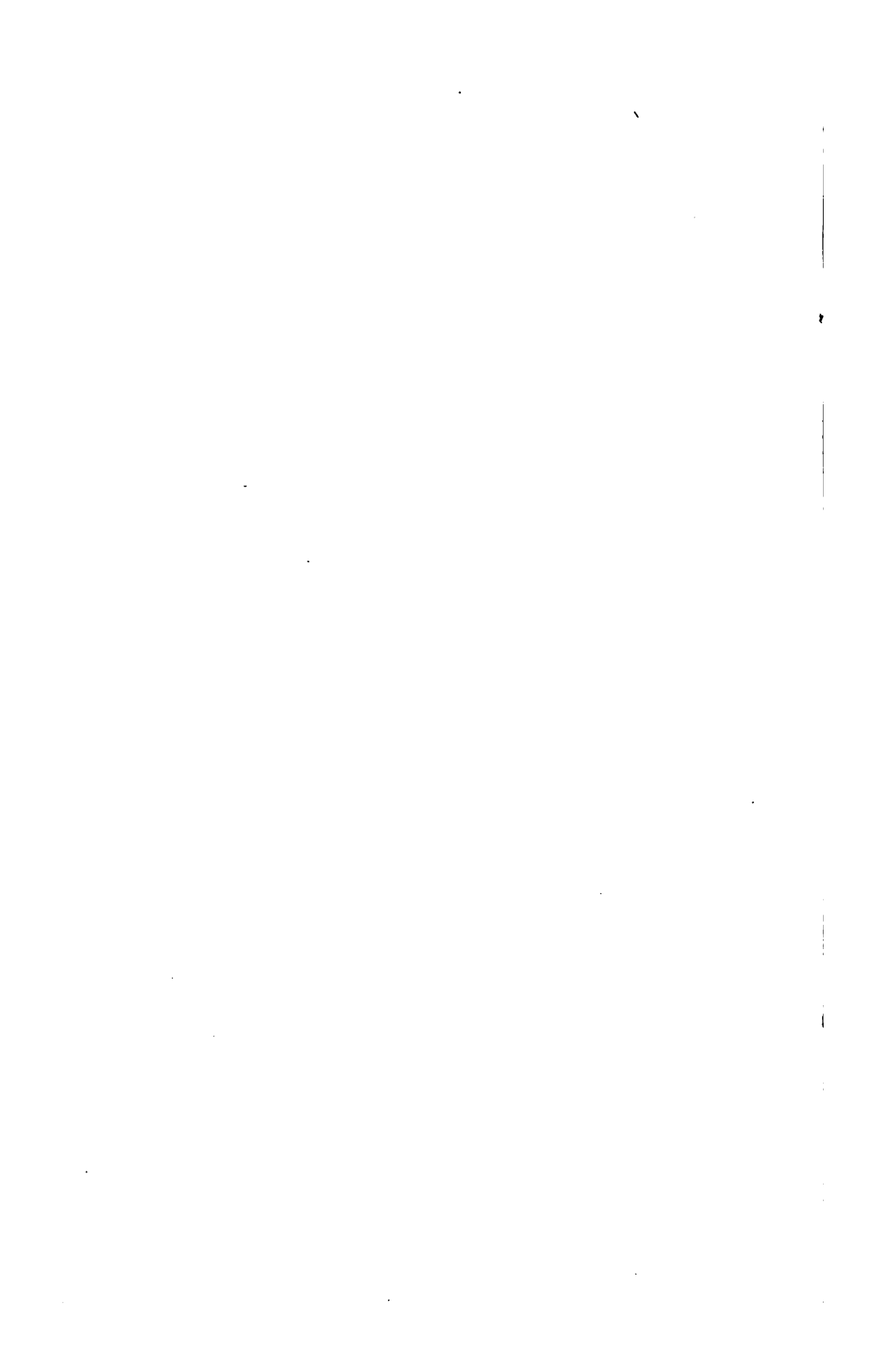
**MIME**    The little guardian of Proserpina's temple awaiteth a lonely shade which will come perhaps to-morrow, perhaps never. If spirits retain a loving heart like that of the young earth-maidens, this shade has not attained forgetfulness through the stagnant waters of oblivion's stream, nor can it rest by means of the sad poppies from the field of sleep.

But, doubtless, she desires forgetfulness with all the desire of mortal hearts. So she will come some evening when the red moon is mounting the starry dome, and will remain near Proserpina's corbeils. She will break the honey-comb sprinkled of poppy-seeds with the little guardian of the temple and, in the hollow of her palm, will

## MIMES

bring some of the stagnant water MIMÉ  
of Lēthe. The shade will partake xx  
of the earth-poppies and the young  
girl will slake her thirst with the  
water of the lower regions; then, on  
the other's brow, each will imprint  
a kiss and the shade will fare hap-  
pily among spirits while the maiden  
will rejoice among mortals.

*L'ombre attendue.*



## EPILOGUE

**T**HE long, long night during which Daphnis and Chloe remained unslumbering, like unto owls, brought them at last to where abode Proserpina, the luminous one. The indulgent god of lovers granted them early death such as fares to pious children. He feared the jealousy of the nymphs, or the god Pan, or Zeus; so he gave wing to their souls while dawn yet slept; and they came to the kingdom of Hades where, ever spotless, they traversed undefiled the infernal bog, listened to the frogs, and fled before the triple-throated bayings of the red-jawed Cerberus. Then, in the sombre meadows which are dimly illumined by a starry twilight,

## EPILOGUE

the two white spirits sat down and gathered the yellow crocuses and hyacinths; and Daphnis wove for Chloe a wreath of asphodels, but they ate not of the blue lotus that grows on the banks of Lēthe nor drank of the water which causes loss of memory, for Chloe had no wish to forget. And queen Proserpina gave them sandals of ice with soles of fire to cross the molten torrent of lurid waves.

Yet, despite the large yellow, blue, and wan white flowers of these subterranean meadows Chloe became awearied. Among the tenebrous grasses she saw only night-moths whose black wings were etched with sanguinary stripes. Daphnis found but creatures of the night to caress, whose skin

## EPILOGUE

was soft as the fur of bats. Chloe feared the brown owls that hooted in the sacred woods. Daphnis regretted the whiteness of sunlit creations. They both remembered not having wet their chins on the banks of Lēthe; they mourned for life and invoked the boundless beneficence of Proserpina.

And as all dreams issue forth from Erēbus, by the ivory portal, the sleep of spirits is dreamless. Since it is their wont to be wrapped in oblivion, no dreams, save those of the undefined plains that surround Tartārus, can evolve in their void, impressionless minds; but Daphnis and Chloe suffered immeasurably because the memories of their past life were never reproduced in their sleeping visions.

## EPILOGUE

So the Kind Goddess took pity upon them and permitted the Guardian of Souls to console them.

On a blue night he feigned to confound them with his dreams; and, amongst the multicolored beings, crowding and flying about, shouting, laughing or weeping, which pass beneath our eyelids, when they have escaped the dim portal of Erēbus, Daphnis and Chloe, clinging closely to each other, returned to view the Lesbian isle.

The gloom was azure-tinted, the trees bright, the underwood luminous. The moon seemed a golden mirror. Chloe was reflected therein with a necklace of stars. Mitylēne rose afar like a city of pearl. Silver-white canals intersected the meadow. Some marble statues,

## EPILOGUE

overturned, drank of the dew. Their knots of hair, yellow-tinted, might be seen sparkling in the grass. The air palpitated with vague light.

—Alas, said Chloe, where is the day? Is the sun dead? Where can we go, my Daphnis? I no longer know the way. Ah! our flocks are no more, Daphnis: they have strayed away since we departed.

And Daphnis replied:

—O Chloe, we return to wander aimlessly like the dreams that visited our eyelids whilst we slept in the meadows or reposed in the stables. Our heads are empty as ripened poppies. Our hands are laden with the flowers of eternal night. Thy dear brow is banded with asphodels and thou wearest on thy bosom the crocus that blooms



## EPILOGUE

in the Isles of the Blest. Perhaps it were better not to remember.

—But behold what I recall, my Daphnis, said Chloe. The path leading to the grotto of the nymphs borders this meadow. I recognize the flat stone whereon we sat. Seest thou not yon woods whence came the wolf that so affrighted us? Here, thou didst weave for me, for the first time, a cicada cage. There, in that thicket, thou madest captive for me one of the shrilling cicadas and placed it in my hair where it sang without ceasing. It was more beautiful than the golden ones of the Athēnians of yore; for it was alive and sang. I would that once again I might have one.

And Daphnis replied:

## EPILOGUE

—The cicada is silent at noon-hour when the wind pierces reddened spaces in the heart of the stubble, and the green-pointed hemlocks spread their white umbels for coolness. Now they are asleep and I know not where to find one.

—But look, Chloe, here is the cavern of the god Pan: and I see the pool where the sight of thy naked body so disquieted me; and near there the wooded copse where thy first kiss filled me with a delirium of rapture,—there where I came to watch thee whilst I limed the bird snares in the winter, and, in the centre of the vast hall, saw thee arranging the fruits in the great amphoras.

—O Chloe, the house stands there no longer, and the wood

## EPILOGUE

of service-trees is desolate, for the hoopoes and the wrens come there no more and Proserpina has extinguished our ardent souls.

— Look, said Chloe. In a purple flower I have just imprisoned a sleeping bee. I have observed it: 'tis brown and ugly and I like not the black circles on its body. Formerly I believed the bee a wingèd kiss. I have dipped my finger in a honeycomb and all the aroma of new honey has flown. I no longer care for it.

— Chloe, kiss me, said Daphnis.

— Yes, my Daphnis.

And the two white spirits were filled with unrest, but dared not speak. For the kiss no longer thrilled them and the perfume of wild flowers was gone from it; and

## EPILOGUE

as the desire for sheep, goats, birds  
and insects lessened in their hearts,  
so, too, the touch of their lips now  
failed to create more than a tremor  
of emotion.

— O Chloe, here we ate rich  
curds on the green osiers.

— And I scarcely care for them  
now, my Daphnis.

— O Chloe, there we gathered  
the first violets of our last year.

— And I no longer love even  
the violets, my Daphnis.

— O Chloe, see this little grove  
where thou gavest me thy first kiss.

But Chloe, turning away her  
head, answered never a word.

Then, silently, in their hearts  
they cursed the night which seemed  
to have tinged everything with  
bitterness. And with unuttered

## EPILOGUE

words they prayed to the Guardian of Souls to again place them among the ephemeral visions and bear them back through the dim portal of Erëbus into the asphodel meads where they possessed the balmy pain of remembrance.

But the Kind Goddess would not hearken to their prayers.

They remained, apart, bowed down among the fallen statues.

When the blue night grew faintly gilded in the Orient, they heard the sound of oars along the shore. Raising their heads they thought to see the pirate seamen who ravished all the shores of Lesbos, they who call with resonant voice, at each dip of the oars: "*roup-pa-pai*."

Yet, though the mists were thin, they saw no boat. But there was

## EPILOGUE

a vast echoing which shivered the foam on the strand :

— The great god Pan is dead !  
The great Pan is dead ! The great Pan is dead !

Then the pearly city of Mitylène fell down and all the statues were overthrown, the tiny souls of the brooks escaped, and the lesser deities took flight from the hearts of the trees, the pith of the plants, and the vitalized calices of the flowers ; and silence brooded over the white marble fragments.

The shades of Daphnis and Chloe, turned very old in the new light of day, suddenly vanished, and the Kind Goddess, whose power over the subterranean realms was annulled, bore them with her, as she fled over the meadows to the

## EPILOGUE

unknown regions where the gods have withdrawn. With her breath she caused Lesbos to bloom anew and returned Daphnis and Chloe to earth once more; for the isle, midst the white canals that intersect it, is covered with their multiplied souls, so many laurels and verdant osier-beds have sprung from its buried heart.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE



There have been three editions of *MIMES*, as follows:

1. *MIMES, première édition, avec une couverture illustrée de Jean Véber (épuisé).*
2. *MIMES, reproduction autographique du manuscrit (épuisé).*
3. *MIMES avec un prologue et un épilogue.* Paris. *Édition du "Mercure de France,"* 1894. Square Fcap 8vo. Pp. viii-84. Grey wrapper.

It is the final edition from which this authorized translation has been made,—and from the author's presentation copy to William Morris. Herein is the only additional *Mime* ever penned by M. Schwob, which, though written last, is placed in the midst of the series in accordance with the author's wish.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE



**MAYER-ANDRÉ-MARCEL SCHWOB**, born in the small country town of Chaville (Seine-et-Oise), Aug. 23rd, 1867, is a Jew, descended from an old Jewish stock of priests. Both his grandfathers were rabbis in the synagogue. On his father's side the family was early established in Alsatia. His great-great-grandfather, on his mother's side, (her name being Kaïm,) was also a rabbi who lived as an hermit in the forests near Wissenbourg, and tradition endows him with prophetic powers. The ecclesiastical genealogy of the Kaïm family, which was kept in the synagogue of the town where the family dwelt, is said to trace them back to the Scribe Ezra; however that may be, a faithful servitor of *Sénéchal de Joinville*, by the

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

name of Cäym, is mentioned in the memoirs of Joinville, A. D. 1270, and this Cäym, since he dwelt in Champagne, is undoubtedly one of Marcel Schwob's forefathers, and once saved *de Joinville's* life.

M. Schwob's uncle, on his mother's side, altered the name of Kaïm to Cahun and, under that name, is well known as the author of many clever books (*Les Aventures du Capitaine Wagon, La Mer, L'introduction à L'histoire de L'Asia Centrale*), and as a contributor to the *Journal des Débats*.

His father, who was educated at the Lycée de Rouen, with Gustave Flaubert, came to Paris in the early forties and belonged to the literary circle which included de Banville and Gautier; he contributed to the *Corsaire-Satan*, with which Baudelaire was also connected; Jules Verne was also one of their number. Being poor, he was obliged to renounce literature for more

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

resourceful means of living and, having married her who afterwards became the mother of Marcel Schwob, in 1857, he was then made Master of the Mint at Strasbourg, but, being unsuccessful there, went to Egypt, where he lived ten years as Director of the Cabinet of Chédif-Pasha, who was Secretary of foreign affairs to the Khédive.

In 1867, at the end of the summer following Marcel Schwob's birth, the family settled in a country house at Tours, and here his youthful days were passed in companionship with a brother and sister both older than himself; but in 1875, his father, wearying of an inactive life devoted to the scanty interests of the municipal council of Tours (to which he belonged), purchased the large provincial journal at Nantes called the *Phare de la Loire* and therein our author exhibited his first timid literary attempts.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

From 1848 till after the war of 1870 both Michelet and Victor Hugo, as well as other writers equally talented, contributed to this sheet, which proves it to have been an important publication.

In 1881, having attended the Lycée at Nantes till he had finished the third form, Marcel Schwob was sent to the Lycée *Louis-le-Grand* in Paris, with the hope that he would enter the *École Normale*, but his expectations were frustrated, his second form there proving but an unfortunate year, though in the preceding one he took his first university degree, marked *very good*. After this came the season of wild oats and he went up for the second part, only to be rejected over and over again, till his father at last decided he should volunteer for the army before his time. In 1885, therefore, he was sent to a most strict artillery regiment, the 35th of Vannes (Britanny).

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

During his stay here his recklessness continued unabated but in the winter of 1886 he returned as a boarder at *Sainte-Barbe* in Paris, while still attending the lectures at the *Lycée Louis-le-Grand*, in preparation for the Normal school. Thus he passed three years, respected by both masters and school-mates, being virtually looked upon as an officer among these latter owing to his military schooling; permitted to follow his own wishes almost entirely, he plunged into an ocean of reading, with a consequent neglect of his studies which resulted in his being rejected for the Normal, July, 1888. Wherefore he immediately entered for a licentiate's degree of letters at the *Sorbonne*, one which is supposed to be taken by the Normalites after their first year. In three months' time (November, 1888), he was adjudged first among the list of fourteen successful licentiates,—with over a hundred

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

candidates for the degree,—thus outstripping the Normal scholars who were one year ahead of him in their studies. After this he studied Greek palaeography at the *École des Hautes Études* and pathology under M. Michel Breal.

Being particularly interested in the *argot* of the lower classes he printed a paper on this subject and was then gradually drawn to the study of that thieves' jargon used by François Villon and his companions; at Dijon he discovered various curious documents relating to the *Bande des Coquillarte* to which the poet belonged. Since then he has made a study of Villon, working at the Record office under M. Longnon and contributing several discoveries towards this gentleman's Villon edition of 1892.

This same year the *Revue des Deux Mondes* published an important article written by him about Villon, and from then

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

until the present time he has continued his discoveries in this line, unearthing new facts which are duly communicated to the Academy of *Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres*; the latest and most important discovery being that of the date of the reprieve of the poet, when Parliament commuted the hanging sentence to banishment for ten years.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These facts are briefly stated, with due acknowledgment, in Gaston Paris' recent publication on François Villon, and in the copy presented by the author to M. Schwob he has written the following clever adaptation from Marot's inscription of his Villon edition of 1533:

TO MONSIEUR MARCEL SCHWOB.

Si en Villon on treuve encore a dire,  
S'il n'est pourtant ainsi qu'ay pretendu,  
A moy tout seul le blasme en soit, messire,  
Qui plus y ay travaillé qu'entendu.  
Et s'il est mieulx en son ordre estendu  
Que paravant en ce mien petit livre,  
Le gré a vous en doit estre rendu,  
Qui l'avez fait par grant amour revivre.

March 21st, 1901. GASTON PARIS.



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

In 1889 he was one of the staff on the *Écho de Paris* and at the same time wrote literary leaders (never republished) for the *Événement*. Then, after publishing his tales in the *Journal* he was on the editorial staff of the *Mercure de France*.

From 1894 to 1900 he published a number of stories and works, some of which were shaped and developed after the form of the romance:—*Cœur Double*, *Le Livre de Monelle*, (these two being widest known and best liked, perhaps,) *Le Roi en Masque d'Or*, *Mimes*, *Le Croisade des Enfants*,<sup>1</sup> *Spicilège*, *La Porte des Rêves*, and *Vies Imaginaires*. He has translated Daniel Defoe's novel, *Moll Flanders*, into French, also Hamlet in collaboration with Eugène Moraud; this was staged and played at Sarah Bernhardt's theatre in 1898.

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<sup>1</sup> This has been translated by Henry Copley Greene (Boston, 1898).

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

In September of 1900 M. Schwob married Miss Margaret Moreno, of the *Comédie Française*, whose talents as an actress are so thoroughly recognized in France and who, likewise, lives in literature as the *creatrice* of Verlaine's *Les Uns et les Autres*, *L'Infidèle* of Georges de Porto-Riche, and *le Voile* by Georges Rodenbach.

M. Schwob is at present preparing a large work to be entitled: *Francois Villon and his Times* wherein the whole surroundings and the associates he mentions as having consorted with, whether foul or fair, will be made to live again before the eyes of the public.

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